

THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

No. 10.



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Five Points House of Industry.

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WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

MONTHLY RECORD

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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INTEMPERANCE.

WHEN one looks at the vast amount of crime which is committed in this city alone, and then reads the suggestive statistics from courts, and finds that a very large proportion is committed because of rum, is it any wonder that the friends of good order and safety view with alarm the increase of tippling-shops? It is a cry of derision which we hear so often uttered by the advocates of free rum, and plenty of it, who shout fanatics, fanaticism. The wretched garrets and cellars, with their equally wretched tenants, are eloquent in warnings of the fearful effects of intemperance. The children, worse than orphans, made so by strong drink, cannot but touch the hearts of all lovers of their kind with a sense of the terrible results from which they are innocent sufferers. We do not believe that a just God will quietly allow such flagrant sinning to perpetuate itself without holding to a strict accountability all who are in any wise engaged in the unholy traffic, or who coolly allow them to go on in their way of transgression. Because of what we have seen of suffering we have been advocates of total abstinence and have never lost opportunity to express our views. If we are mad we are mad to a good purpose, and God forbid that we should see little ones suffer without raising our cry against it.

BENNY.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
 As he sat upon my knee,
 Holding fast his little stockings,
 Stuffed as full as full could be;
 And attentive listening to me,
 With a face demure and mild,
 That good Santa Claus, who filled them,
 Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we moder?"
 And from off my lap he slid,
 Digging deep among the *goodies*,
 In his crimson stockings hid;
 While I turned me to my table,
 Where a tempting goblet stood,
 Brimming high with dainty egg-nogg,
 Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, then before me,
 With his white paw, nothing loth,
 Sat, by way of entertainment,
 Slapping off the shining froth;
 And in not the gentlest humor,
 At the loss of such a treat,
 I confess I rather rudely
 Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
 Gathering up the precious store,
 He had busily been pouring
 In his tiny pinafore;
 With a generous look that shamed me,
 Sprang he from the carpet bright,
 Showing by his mien indignant,
 All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
 As he held his apron white.
 "You shall have my candy wabbit,"
 But the door was fastened tight;

So he stood, abashed and silent,
 In the center of the floor,
 With defeated look, alternate
 Bent on me and on the door.
 Then, as from a sudden impulse,
 Quickly ran he to the fire,
 And while eagerly his bright eyes
 Watched the flames go higher and higher
 In a brave clear key he shouted,
 Like some lordly little elf—
 "Santa Kaus! come down the chimney,
 Make my moder have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
 Said I, feeling the reproof,
 And straightway recalled poor Harney,
 Mewing on the gallery roof;
 Soon the anger was forgotten—
 Laughter chased away the frown,
 And they played beneath the live oaks,
 Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
 Harney purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Knelt to say his evening prayer;
 "God bess fader, God bess moder,
 God bess sister"—then a pause,
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping—brown and silken
 Lie the lashes long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
 And I bend above him weeping
 Thankful tears—oh, undefiled!
 For a woman's crown of glory—
 For the blessing of a child!

—Annie Chambers Ketchum.

A VISION OF ANGELS.

To abate curiosity, let it be said at once that the angels written of were not of the heavenly order, they were seen at Maine, and on this wise. On an early train, one Monday morning, the passengers were found to be workmen of the road, going to their labor on a distant section. Rested by the Sabbath they were in high spirits, very boisterous, and not very choice in their language and modes of salutation. Thinking they had the car to themselves—for the only general passenger was a wearied preacher muffled up in a corner—it seemed as if nothing could check their rough treatment of one another.

At length, at a way-station, a plainly dressed but comely country-woman came in, and out of respect to her, those around her became comparatively quiet. At the next station, a young child, an innocent-looking little girl, was entrusted to the conductor to be carried some distance, and around the young stranger there was also a little circle of peace. At the next station, there was borne in, on pillows, a fellow-workman of the noisy laborers. He had recently been maimed by an accident, and had so far recovered as to be taken home that morning. Suffering had changed the poor man's face, and as he cast his eyes among his fellow-workmen the refinement of his look, and the gentleness of his bearing seemed to radiate upon them a corresponding softening of feature and action. In a few minutes, the rest of the noisy company were subdued. See them, by twos and threes, go up to the invalid. See them adjust their dress, look if their hands were clean, lighten their steps, soften their voices, and look their kindest into the wan and sunken countenance. Hear them inventing the cheeriest remarks, and expressing the most loving solicitudes; in fact, in every word and action, behave like regenerated beings. Sympathy, gentleness, grace, flowed among them, as abundantly as bluntness, force, and vulgarity had done but half an hour before. While the sufferer was in the car, no homebred nurse could outdo them in the delicacy of their attentions. Not a profane word, not a rude jest, not a blow, nor a scuffle, not a hearty laugh even, was heard among them, till, with a tenderness like a mother's they took their wounded comrade in their arms, and bore him off the train.

"There," said the observer in the corner, "there is the mission of many a sufferer. To subdue one class of emotions, to bestir another, to elevate, to refine, to beautify our life, pain has a place in the economy of mortality."

"What has changed this company's behavior?" Thus he asked, and answered to himself. The new influences coming in among them. "And what were they, that like angels of peace, changed men to their own peaceful image?" Beauty, in the person of the fair woman; innocence, in the person of the little girl; and suffering in the person of the wounded man. And, owing perhaps to the material wrought upon, in this case suffering was more powerful than beauty and innocence combined. And yet the sufferer had no idea that he was an angel of softening to all within his influence.

Should these lines meet the eye of any sons or daughters of affliction, let them give it as their message. "Son, daughter, be of good cheer. Not for ourselves are we *always* smitten. By the blow upon you, God may be doing more unto others than you can ask or think." As seen in this vision of common life, suffering has as high an angelic dignity, and as strong an angelic power, and may we not add, as pure an angelic origin, as beauty and purity themselves, whom all allow to be messengers of good, and only good, to man. Forget not, sufferer, that the angel of Gethsemane came from the same place as the angels of the advent, and the angels of the Resurrection. And, having surrendered their common trust, as messengers of consolation, joy, and triumph, they are even now in the same heaven, bowing before the same throne, radiant with the same glory!—*Prof. W. M. Barbour, D. D., in Congregationalist.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe.—*Tennyson.*

WHAT PINKIE-BLUE DONT KNOW.

My Pinkie-Blue is as fair as a rose,
But as yet of this not a lisp she knows,
And I wouldn't have her know.
If she knew, she might prink and put on airs,
And go thinking about the clothes she wears—
So I wouldn't have her know.

Pinkie-Blue wears silk, but, then, she don't know
That it's any better than calico,
And I wouldn't have her know ;
For, when she begins to turn up her nose,
No longer she'll be as sweet as a rose—
So I wouldn't have her know.

But now, with the washerwoman's baby all day,
Pinkie-Blue will merrily, sweetly play,
And I wouldn't have her know
Any one could think the play wasn't right,
Or the black skin not as good as the white—
No, I wouldn't have her know.

She don't know that money is made to keep,
But she thinks it's to give to those that weep,
And I wouldn't have her know ;
And she knows not one of the reasons why
That some should be glad and that some should
sigh—
And I wouldn't have her know.

A smile is a smile with my Pinkie-Blue.
She believes that smiles are as true as true,
And I wouldn't have her know
That a smile may tell the naughtiest lies
And sweet looks say what the heart denies—
No, I wouldn't have her know.

Oh, yes, there is much Pinkie-Blue don't know
But I willingly let the knowledge go,
For I wouldn't have her know, [whole
Since of what I've learned I would give the
For the wisdom born in her white, sweet soul—
No, I wouldn't have her know.

—Congregationalist.

A CASE OF INTEREST.

THERE is held each week in our chapel a temperance meeting to save, if possible, from a drunkard's fate, such victims of the cup as may be induced to sign the pledge. Prayer to God is relied on as the only sure means of salvation from strong drink. It frequently happens that the testimonies of redeemed ones are most decided and interesting. One young man recently arose and said that he had lived formerly on Mulberry street, near us, that when he was nine years old he was in the Tombs and from that age up to twenty-three he had spent the greater part of the time in State Prison for stealing. He came from prison at one time and by some means was led to go to a prayer-meeting in Water St. He went to make sport but finally remained to pray. He had given up his drink, had abandoned stealing, and now was determined, with God's help, to lead a christian's life. We hope the Spirit will strengthen him to enable him to keep the good resolutions made. This meeting is reaching quite a number in a way that we believe will be permanent.

MANKIND worship success, but think too little of the means by which it is attained. —*Henry M. Field.*

AN OLD FRIEND GONE.

For many years the House of Industry has had a warm-hearted friend in South Coventry, Conn., Miss Polly Chafee. She believed not only in saying "Be ye warmed and fed" but in doing what she could to warm and feed the thousands who have come under our care during the years past. A barrel always stood waiting in her house as a receptacle for clothing and shoes for the House of Industry. She would often take her team and drive about the vicinity and gather up articles for our service. The barrels would number by the score which have been received from her labors, in connection with those of her companion, whose note we copy below. Her philanthropy was of the kind that is broadest and most self-sacrificing. There are many who give money but do not feel any need for personal sacrifices. She had no bank account from which to draw at pleasure but she earned her drafts in self-sacrificing work. Not content with gifts only, she several years since took a homeless one from here and trained her for a life of usefulness. When the girl died she laid her away in the village church-yard with sincere sorrow, and taking up the thread dropped received another from us to train. With patience and rare devotion, amid discouragement, she labored for the right direction of this one, and some of her letters to us which we have laid before our readers show with what intelligent interest she was caring for her *protege*. We received the other day this note :

JANUARY 15, 1878

DEAR FRIEND:

It will pain you to read the sad news which I must write. Our friend, Miss Pollie Chafee, lies quietly sleeping in the church-yard beside our "Lillie," and we are desolate. She died at 4 o'clock on Saturday morn. Her work "well and faithfully done," she has "entered into rest.

You will miss the old clothes, as I am not able to gather them if I had any way, but should like to.

Yours respectfully,

S E R

We need not say that we were pained to learn of her death and with a sorrow akin to personal grief. She has finished her work and who will take her place?

FACES are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time and are much less likely to deceive us.—*Lavater.*

TWO SIDES OF A SENTIMENT.

WHEN two-year-old May-Blossom
Comes down in clean white dress
And runs to find "dear Aunty,"
And claim her sweet caress;—
Then Aunty takes up Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, pretty Baby Blossom—if you were *only*
mine!"

When Blossom, in the pantry,
High mounted on a chair,
Has nibbled at the icing
Until half the cake is bare,
Then Auntie puts down Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, naughty Baby Blossom,—if you were *only*
mine!"

—S. M. L., in *Scribner's Monthly*.

TO INVESTORS.

WE saw, recently, advice offered to capitalists to convert their money into gold and lock it up, waiting for events to shape themselves. Whether that is good advice or not we do not presume to say, but we do know that "He who hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and no one ever lent gold to God who did not have it invested in a safe bank. Convert gold into wings of charity and it is safe. The House of Industry offers itself as an attractive medium of exchange. It will take gold or silver or bank notes and guarantee the depositor a royal dividend, and will transfer the account to Him who pays principal and interest. If any of our readers desire to try the experiment we shall be only too glad to offer the advantages.

MANNERS.—I used just now that word, manners. Let me beg your very serious attention to it. I used it, remember, in its true, its ancient—that is, in its moral and spiritual—sense. I use it as the old Greeks, the old Romans used their corresponding words; as our wise forefathers used it, when then said well, that "Manners maketh man;" that manners are at once the efficient cause of a man's success, and a proof of his deserving to succeed; the outward and visible signs of whatsoever inward and spiritual grace, or disgrace, there may be in him. I mean by what our Lord meant when he reproved the pushing and vulgar arrogance of the Scribes and Pharisees, and laid down the golden rule of all good manners, "He that is the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." Next I beg you to remember that all, or almost all, the good manners which we have among us—courtesies, refinements, self restraints, and mutual respect—all which raise us socially and morally above our forefathers of 1,200 years ago—deep hearted men valiant and noble, but coarse and arrogant and quarrelsome—all that, or almost all, we owe to Christ, to the influence of His example, and to that Bible which testifies of Him. Yes, the Bible has been for Christendom, in the cottage as much as in the palace, the school of manners; and the saying that he who becomes a true Christian becomes a true gentleman is no rhetorical boast, but a solid, historical fact.—*Canon Kingsley, in Good Words.*

AMEN!

Down by the window, alone in the night
 Kneeleth a child. A halo of light
 Floats o'er her brow : and angels of love
 Bear on their wings, to Jehovah above,
 Softly this prayer—" My Father on high,
 Guide me through life and teach me to die,
 Make me thy child, and love me till then !"
 And loudly thro' heaven re-echoes " Amen ! "

Chained in his cell a poor sinner bows,
 Filled with despair o'er life's broken vows.
 Living once more in the scenes of the past,
 Dreaming of visions too fleeting to last ;

Hearing his mother's last prayer again,
 Shuddering he wakes. Ah, deep felt the pain,
 Piercing his soul,—teaching him then ;
 Showing him Calvary—*Christ's Mercy—Amen !*

Laid on a sick-bed, resteth a heart,
 Ready and willing from earth to depart.
 Claiming a victim Death knocks at the door ;
 Jesus, the Saviour has knocked there before !
 Praising the Lord with his fast failing breath,
 " Grave has no victory—no sting has death "
 Dieth the Christian to slumber till when—
 Jesus, the King, reigns forever,—Amen !

—Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

YONKERS, Dec. 26, 1877.

MR. CAMP :

Dear Sir—I enclose a five dollar bill, my mite to aid in comforting the little ones New Years day. May our Gracious God in Jesus bless you in your good work in succoring and protecting the dear children.

Yours sincerely,

E. W.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1877.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD : ?

Dear Sir—I was at your gathering yesterday with my family and long before you made your closing appeal I had resolved to send you the enclosed check for \$25 which goes with my best wishes and prayers for the prosperity of your work,

Truly yours,

DO NOT PUBLISH MY NAME.

MIDDLETOWN, CT., Oct. 19, 1877.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY :

Enclosed please find my check for five dollars, payable to the order of your Treasurer. I regret I cannot send you ten but hope to send another five before the close of the year. I know of no better charity or a more worthy one to contribute to.

Truly yours,

E. P.

WHITESBORO, Dec. 24, 1877.

MR. BARNARD, *Supt. House of Industry* :

Please find enclosed four dollars (\$4) from the Primary Department of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school, Whitesboro.

The little ones of the S. school send Christmas greetings to the dear ones of your fold, and a small token of affection, that together we may rejoice in the precious gift of God's dear Son, through whom we have peace and joy and life forevermore. Please let me know that you receive this safely and oblige,

MISS H. A. F., *Teacher Primary Dept. W. P. S. School.*

NOVEMBER 26, 1877.

H. N. CAMP, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Enclosed find twenty-five cents towards thanksgiving fund, would like to send more but my circumstances at present will not permit.

Yours etc.,

W. H. L.

PUTNAM, Jan. 9, 1878.

To WILLIAM F. BARNARD:

Dear Sir—I have prepared a barrel of second-hand clothing also a box for your institution, Five Points, shall send them to-day. I would like to ask you whether you received a barrel from me last summer, in July I think I sent one, we left town immediately after. When I came home and enquired whether you had responded to same, our young man in store could not tell, in the multitude of his business cares he had forgotten, but thought you did write, but said he would write and find out. I left again and was gone some time but have never heard whether you wrote or not, but my opinion is you did write, as you ever have, and it passed out of his mind and was forgotten, however it is no great consequence now, if it was received that is enough.

I take all that comes to me—good, bad, and indifferent—but I think and hope you will find them mostly useful in supplying the needs of the many who are looking to you for help and succor in these times of suffering and distress among the poor, especially in our large cities. I also wish to thank you for so long and regularly sending me the RECORD, and I know of no institution that is doing a greater good than the Five Points House of Industry. May God continue to bless and prosper the self-denying labors of His servants who have so long served him in the capacity of aiding the poor, in administering to their necessities and needs these many years, such as you have done.

Yours in christian esteem,

Mrs. H. G. S.



“WHAT shall we do for money?” is the cry everywhere by charitable societies. “We shall have to shut our doors,” say some, “unless relief is extended. “We shall have to curtail our work,” say others, while one large relief association in the city had to stop giving entirely for some weeks. The same question presses upon us. If there were *fewer* of the poor to apply we could well look complacently upon the diminution of supplies, but when the same causes which cut off donations operate to increase the applicants we may well inquire what we shall do. We can hardly conceive of the amount of real want which would ensue if an institution like this is crippled, for it means turning on to the street more than two hundred helpless little ones without homes, for our children reside here and know no other home. If all of our friends could only see them here there would be no need for any appeal.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
 Sparkled the gay champagne,
By the light of day that was dying,
 He filled up their goblets again.
Let the last, best toast be woman,
 "Woman, dear woman," said he,
"Empty your glass, my darling,
 When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
 And held them tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
 Her fond voice fel' on his ear;
"Nay, ere your drink I implore you,
 By all that you would hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear drops,
 Rather by far than in wine.

By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
 By the children that begged for bread,
By the face of her whose loved one
 Looks on the wine when 'tis red
By the kisses changed to curses,
 By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,
 Pledge no woman in wine.

What has wine brought to woman?
 Nothing but tears and pain.
It has torn from her heart her lover
 And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household goods all scattered,
 Lie tangled up in the vine;
Oh! I prithee pledge no woman
 In the curse of so many—WINE."

—Selected.

A BUSHEL OF NUTS.

"Phin! oh, Phin!"

Little Eben Dilke began saying that at the end of the lane, though he must have known his brother could not possibly hear him, and kept on all the way until he reached the door where Phin stood whittling. By that time Eben was so out of breath he could only stand gasping.

"Try agin, boy," said Phin, thumping him on the back. "I suppose you have something to say."

"O, Phin!" said Eben again, "Mr. Sumner said he will give us one of his little dogs if we pay him."

"How much?" asked Phin, without excitement. "I've got just seven cents."

"Tisn't money, it's nuts," said Eben. "A bushel of chestnuts, for the dog."

Phin's eyes sparkled. He had long wanted one of the roly-poly puppies that tumbled and played about Mr. Sumner's handsome Folly. But having no means to purchase one he had tried not to think about it. Now he shut his knife briskly.

"Come on, boy," he said. "If a bushel of chesnuts will do it, I'm on hand."

However, chestnut trees were not plenty near Phin's home, and a week later he lay on the hill-side grumbling.

"That puppy will be a grown-up dog and gray-haired before we can get him. It's no use, Eben."

The little brother looked sober; but he did not mean to give up.

"We have quite a good many nuts now," he said.

"Not a third enough," said Phin.

"Over to Scranton's woods there are enough."

"Six miles away," muttered Phin.

"If Trudie's grandmamma'll just let us ride old Dapple bare-backed over there and carry a bag, we could do it. And maybe she will. We helped Trudie pick blackberries, you know."

"Eben, you're a smart boy!" cried Phin. "Come on."

Perhaps Trudie's grandma would not have let old Dapple go had not Trudie whispered more than one "please" in her ear. But she did consent. So the next day the old horse was astonished to find four short legs astride his back, and to be trotted slowly toward Scranton's woods.

Phin held the bridle and Eben held Phin's jacket, and they sat on a folded blanket. It wasn't quite so easy to stick on as the boys had expected, and going up the first steep hill Eben slipped off over Dapple's tail and fell in a mud-puddle. But he climbed on by help of the nearest fence, and never cried.

Chestnuts were plenty in those woods, and the boys were glad to hammer them out of the prickly burrs and fill their bags, in spite of feeling stiff from their ride. And when, as they were about going home, they met another small boy and bought his nuts with a leather sucker and three cents Phin had in his pocket, they felt very grand indeed.

Three miles of the homeward way were passed, when a stray dog, helping to bring somebody's cows home, sprang barking out of the bushes at Dapple's nose.

Up went the old horse's heels and off went the boys, and then away trotted Dapple toward home, leaving his riders flat on their backs.

"But the nuts are safe," said brave little Eben, scrambling up, and eyeing the precious bag that had also come to the ground.

"Safe and heavy," said Phin, tugging it up. "If we've got to walk and carry this all the rest of the way, I think we don't buy that dog very cheap."

It was hard work. Both boys were almost crying with fatigue when they got home; but when supper and sleep had cured their stiff limbs, and the bushel of nuts was exchanged for the dear little dog, you may be sure they did not repent of their bargain.

"You might call him Pluck," said Mr. Sumner, who had heard of their toil to earn him.

Eben fondled the puppy's round head and answered:

"I think we'll call him *Nuts*!"

And so they did.—*Youth's Companion*.

SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

WE have received the Third Annual Report of the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. No one can read this report, we are sure, without a feeling of gratitude that it exists. The number of cases where the strong arm of the law has been invoked to protect helpless children is large and speaks volumes in praise of the vigilance and zeal of the officers. We have had occasion to know, personally, of the good work it accomplishes. All creeds and nationalities come under its beneficent shelter, and no little one appeals for protection in vain. We cordially wish it God-speed.

BABY'S BATH.

BABY must take a bath now,
And mustn't kick and cry ;
*Twill soon be done, and mother
Will rub her darling dry,
Why,—everybody does it—
Mamma, papa, and all ;
The old cat in the kitchen,
The cattle in the stall ;
See pussy on the hearth-rug—
She washes now her young,
Her big mouth is the basin,
The towel is her tongue !
And see the wee canary—
It washes and it sings ;
And with its bill it combs out
The feathers of its wings,
Water and soap won't spoil it,
Baby *must* have its toilet,

Baby shall see the barnyard ;
Look out the window now,
And watch the old cow washing—
The good old mooley cow !
The calves they wash each other,
The face—the neck—the back ;
The black steer licks the white one,
The white one licks the black.
The hens, too, and the cockerels,
They go and do the same ;
That makes the cockerel's top-knot
So like the ruddy flame !
And the little chick-a-biddies
On the water basin's brim—
They're washing, only washing,
When little ducks would swim !
If naughty dust will soil it,
Baby *must* make its toilet.

—*The Aldize.*

As is our annual custom we have been seeking information concerning those who were once of us but are now in homes, and feeling that our friends will like to share with us in the dividends we hereby present some of the letters :

FREEHOLD, MONMOUTH Co., N. J.,
January 17, 1878.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

I received your note in due time. Nora McCann is with me and is a good girl, and is improving in health and strength, we are trying to teach her to lead a useful and right kind of life, which I think she is willing to do. I should like to take a boy if you have one to put out about ten years of age. I think we could make one very comfortable and happy if the right kind. We are farmers, live one mile from church and sunday-school, which we expect our children to attend. I would prefer an orphan if you would be kind enough to send me a line I should feel it a favor, and oblige,

Yours,

MRS. H. C.

KILBOURN CITY, WIS., Jan. 16, 1878.

W. F. BARNARD, ESQ. :

Dear Sir—Am in receipt of your letter and contents noted. In reply will say young man Edward Wilson is not with me as I have secured him a place in a butcher's shop where he is learning the butcher business. He seems to like the business very much having been at it for five months past. Edward is a very strong, healthy boy, weighs 128 lbs., has a very good place next block to my office. I see him every day. I thought as he chose to learn the trade of butcher I would let him do so. I have clothed him good so far and the butcher boards him and next summer he will draw eight dollars per month which will clothe him very good. I will look after his interests as much as though he was my own boy.

Respectfully yours,

F. H.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y. CITY,
January 17, 1878.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Sir—B—— S—— is still under my supervision, and is earning her living in our factory, at very easy, light work, and good pay. She is well and happy.

Yours respectfully,

A. W. C.

MINEOLA, L. I., Jan. 18, 1878.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—I received your letter inquiring about L—— S——. She is still with us and well, and very well contented.

I remain yours respectfully,

Mrs. J. McC.

FARMINGDALE, N. J., Jan. 10, 1878.

MR. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—I received your letter to-day, in regard to Richard Baley. He is here and is nearly a grown-up man, he is a farmer and a pretty good boy, and no doubt but what he will stay until he is of age. The boy Walter Martin is now a man and is living with a Mr. J—— D——, at Fairfield, about three miles from here, he is on a farm, getting wages, he is with my son-in-law's father, they like him very well and he is a very nice boy and always was since I knew him. They are both in good health.

Respectfully yours,

J. E. J.

FREEHOLD, N. J., Jan. 18, 1878.

Yours of the 12th was punctually received, but not as promptly answered owing to press of business. The boy Frank is still with us and is enjoying good health. He is perfectly contented, and has showed signs of attachment to his adopted home. There are some traits in his character which I wish were not there, but I think those defects are fast disappearing. I have no fault to find with him, and hope he may grow to be a useful man in society.

Yours respectfully,

E. C. A.

CORNWALL, Jan. 14, 1878.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—I received yours of the 11th to-day and hasten to reply for fear that if I do not do it at once it will get neglected like your last. James is still with me and he is a large, stout, hearty boy, but at times he has very odd spells, he acts so queer and strange that sometimes I almost think he is partially out of his right mind, otherwise he is a good boy and attends to his work at all times better than any boy that I ever knew. He is or wants to be very regular at church and sunday-school but we live so far away from the village that is impossible at all times. From what you told my daughter Lizzie last spring, when she came down from the Woman's Hospital to see you and go through the House, I have been looking for you to come and see us all summer, but we looked in vain, but if you ever come in this neighborhood I should like very much to have you come and see Jimmie and us.

Very respectfully yours,

W. C.

NEW LISBON, Jan. 20, 1878.

MR. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—I am glad to let you know that I have got a good home. I like my pa and ma, I am the only child that is here, they have none of their own, they are kind and good to me. I go to school in the winter but there is no school in the summer then I am on the farm helping my pa. I like to be on a farm to take care of the stock and horses. I write to my sister and she writes to me, I am thankful that I can write to her. I believe that is all I have to say just now.

Yours truly,

HENRY BOYCE.

That is the name that I go by here.

BLAIRSTOWN, BENTON CO., IOWA,

January 16, 1878.

Dear Sir—Yours came to hand yesterday, asking for information in regard to the boy which I have got. I will say that he is still with me and doing as well as one of my own children. He is going to school every day, and from what I can hear he is getting along well, he is taking the lead in arithmetic and is a tolerably good speller. As for the rest I cannot tell very much about. Wishing you prosperity to your institution,

I remain yours truly,

J. H.

WICKFORD, R. I., Jan. 17, 1878.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—A letter of inquiry concerning Annie W—— reached us a day or two since. I had promised her some days ago to write you, sending the dollar she wanted to donate as her Christmas offering. Though she did not herself receive it till Christmas, but always has it appropriated for the House of Industry as soon as she gets it. Annie is well and on the whole is a good girl, though, like most children (and some grown folks), has a way of her own, and likes to have it pretty well.

W. E. H.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 17, 1878.

DEAR MR. BARNARD :

Yes, Willie Wilson is still with us and hope he will stay with me until twenty-one years of age and longer if he will consent to stay. We are very much attached to him and he to us, of this I am sure. He has grown up to be a big boy and is very tasteful as to his personal appearance. He is known by no other name than William Anderson and on the school and Sunday-school books it is the same. He has grown so accustomed to the name that I doubt if he would recognize the old name. I some time ago became acquainted with Mr. Frank Smith, formerly one of your helps, he can tell you anything of myself that you may wish to know. I am glad you wrote me and also that you take such an interest in Will for we love him very much. I know he would be pleased to get a letter from you and will answer you without any dictation. In conclusion I will say that nothing can induce us to part with him. I think I will want another boy in the spring if it is possible to get one as good as Will has proven to be. I should like to hear from you soon as convenient.

Your friend,

J. B. A.

TUESDAY, December 25, 1877.

DEAR MR. BARNARD :

I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I have not forgot you, you may think so but I have not, I am ashamed I have not done so before. I have lived with Mrs. G—— a good while, have I not? Mrs. G—— has brought me up to be a christian, this last year I have confessed Christ, joined the church and was baptized. We live in Fishkill Village. We have a very nice sunday-school here and I have a dear good teacher, seven in the sunday-school here have confessed Christ this past year, all young girls. Is my time up with Mrs. G——? I do not want to leave her. I wish you a happy new year.

From

Miss MAGGIE ORMSBEE.

HERE is a statement in substance of one of our former boys :

DEAR FRIENDS :

I was a poor boy in the city of New York, and was taken to the Five Points House of Industry in 1863. My friend, Mr. Barnard found a home for me in the West, five years ago, I went to Portland, Mich. The people were, of course, all strangers to me, but a good farmer there, by the name of Wm. Gibbs, received me into his house and I lived with him three years. The first year I worked for my board and clothes, the next year I was paid seven dollars a month, and the next ten dollars a month, since then I have earned ten dollars a month. During the time I saved money enough to pay my way to Philadelphia to visit the Centennial Exhibition, also to New York and several other places, and returned to Michigan with forty-five dollars left. I have been to school winters and now have a good home. I am temperate and go to church and am trying to live a good life. We raise wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, hay, and fruit. There is room for thousands more out here and the chances are good for all who may come. It seems wicked that so many in New York City lie around saloons, spending their money.

Yours respectfully,

JACOB A. GARHOLDT.

VISITORS.

A YOUNG man who had frequently contributed and who had solicited of neighbors in our behalf, came the other day to see the work to which he had contributed. He was quite surprised that there was so much done and really had but little idea of the character of the work. We wish it was possible for all who contribute to personally inspect our work. We have a service of song by the children every Sunday afternoon from 3 1-2 to 4 1-2 o'clock, which offers a good opportunity for all who are in town to come and see what we are doing.

Books are men of higher nature, and the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—*Mrs. Browning.*

OUR GIRLS.

To what shall we compare them
Our precious, winsome girls
With all their sweet *abandon*,
Their dimples and their curls;
To lilies or to roses?
To diamonds or to pearls?

Indeed no bright exotics,
However rich and rare
No gems of purest water,
Could ever yet compare
With the group of blushing school girls,
Now clustered 'round my chair.

I had pledged myself to gather,
(For a *afête* day in the town.)
Of flowers the richest, brightest,

To weave a floral crown,
But to blooming girlish beauty
I throw the gauntlet down.

There is scarce a growing household,
With its pleasures and its cares,
But has a darling baby
To bless the fond hearts there,
From the rosebud of a baby
To the maiden sweet and fair.

Our precious girls, God bless them!
And may kind heaven keep
From hidden paths of danger
Their tender, untried feet,
Till as happy wives and mothers
They make *their* homes complete.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

CLOTHING AND SHOES.

THE real touch of winter, which we may expect this month and next, will surely suggest to many of our good friends the need we have for clothes and shoes. We haven't the articles to give unless they are given to us, and so we ask that we may not be forgotten. Please be sure and direct packages intended for us to

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,
155 Worth Street, N. Y.

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is the most beautiful work of the kind in the world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine Illustrations, and six *Chromo Plates* of *Flowers*, beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. Printed in German and English.

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VICK'S CATALOGUE,—300 Illustrations, only two cents.

Address,

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Money Received for Record, from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1878.

Bunell, S. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	\$1 00	Hammond, Miss R. H., Wickford, R. I....	\$1 00
Cairns, Mrs. F., Boston, Mass.....	2 00	Porter, Mrs. Jonathan, Hatfield, Mass.....	1 00
Cole, G. H., Cornwall, Ct.....	1 00	Rodgers, A. V., Hamilton N. J.....	1 00
Cowles, Mrs. Alpheus, Hatfield, Mass.....	1 00	Stephens, Mr.....	1 00
Dickinson, Miss Abbie, " "	1 00	Storms, W. J., Ithaca, N. Y.....	1 00
Fowler, Mrs. E. D., Bernardsville, N. Y....	1 00	Todd, Mrs., Newark, N. J.....	1 00
Graves, Mrs. S., Hatfield, Mass.....	1 00	Wakeman, J. B., Southport, Ct.....	1 00

Money Received from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1878.

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A. B. B., West Point, N. Y.	\$10 00	J. D. D.....	\$25 00
A. B. C.....	100 00	J. L., for sick poor.....	200 00
A. L. S.....	10 00	J. M.....	20 00
Beers, Mrs. G. D., Ithaca, N. Y.....	10 00	J. P.....	20 00
Blake, Chas. H., Winsted, Ct.....	5 00	M. F.....	2 00
Brown, Mrs. W. W., Buffalo, N. Y.....	1 00	Miller, Miss Helen M., Waynesburg, Pa.....	1 00
Butterfield, Mrs. D., In memoriam.....	10 00	Nichols, Mrs. S. C., Rutland, Vt.....	5 00
B., Win. S., through Mr. Camp.....	50 00	Otis, M. A., Sherwood, N. Y.....	5 00
Cash by mail.....	1 00	Premium on gold bills from Canada.....	45
C. C.....	10 00	Peebles, L., Crawfordsville, Ind.....	2 00
DeLamater, B. W., Brooklyn.....	10 00	Reider, W., Fredericksburg, Texas.....	5 00
D. M. D.....	25 00	Ross, D., Leith, Canada, for special case.....	5 00
D., Mrs. S.....	10 00	Russell, Mrs. E. R., Montague, Mass.....	1 00
Dörcas.....	1 12	S. A. C. H., Newton, N. J.....	1 00
Drexel, J. W., now in Egypt.....	100 00	Seymour, Miss Nellie, savings of, Clinton, N. Y.....	1 00
E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2 00	S., Mrs. C. L.....	200 00
Ellsworth, Miss Lucy, W. Hartford, Ct.....	5 00	Smith, Mrs. Homer, Portage, N. Y.....	1 00
Finlap, Ella.....	4 00	Sunday Collection, Jan. 6.....	7 59
Friend Newbern, N. C.....	5 00	" " 13.....	9 94
Friend, through Mr. E. T.....	25 00	" " 20.....	2 74
Friends, Hatfield, Mass.....	18 65	" " 27.....	13 04
Friends, Sherwood, N. Y.....	4 00	Thayer, Mrs. J. B., Keene, N. H.....	5 00
Hale, Mrs. S. W., Newburyport, Mass.....	25 00	U. S. N.....	5 00
Harvey, Mrs. M. A., Waynesburg, Pa.....	5 00	Walcott, Mrs. E. A., New York Mills.....	5 00
Hunt, E. S., Lowell, Mass.....	5 00	W. L. S.....	10 00
Infant class, 1st Cong. S. S., New London, Ct. through Miss A. R. Lockwood.....	10 00	W., Miss S. E.....	5 00
J. D.....	10 00	Wohlbert, Anna.....	1 00

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1878.

Adams Express.....	pkg. clothing	Hoffman, Mrs. C. S.....	lot of clothing
Anderson, D. D.....	pkg. hosiery and gloves	King, Mrs. A. L., Stapleton, N. Y.,	pkg. clothing
Babcock, H. S..... pkg. clothing	Lester, Andrew.....	large lot cloth, stockings, etc.
Blankie, Mrs. G. C., Brooklyn.....	2 pkgs. clothing	Mission Band, Roselle, N. J., through Mrs. S. C. Berdan, bbl. shoes and clothing.	
Baptist Church, Covert, N. Y., Rev. A. C. Mal- lory, Pastor, box second-hand clothing and 2 new quilts.		Mitchell, Mrs. J. F.,	
Carter, Mrs. R. W., Waterbury, Ct., 4 night- shirts 3 chemises a d second-hand clothing.		5 new flannel dresses and 1 saque.	
Chamberlain, Emma J..... pkg. clothing	Pen Yan, Pa., bbl. clothing, beans, dried peaches.	
Clark Brothers..... large lot hats, etc.	Post, Joel B..... pkg. clothing
Couzins, Mrs. J., Dobbs Ferry.....	box clothing	Pritchard, A. L..... pkg. clothing
Davison, James, Bloomfield N. J., bbl. clothing, Dodge, Miss Ellen, Morristown, N. J., bbl. new and second-hand clothing and shoes.		Sawtelle, Mrs..... box of toys
Duncan, James G.,	3 large baskets bread and lot of cakes	Shaw, Mrs. H. G., Putnam Ct.,	
Durfee, Justin, Palmyra, N. Y.....	box clothing		case and bbl. clothing
Fort Washington, N. Y.....	box clothing	Smith, J. A....trunk and pkg. clothing, toys, etc.	
Friend.....	toys and pictures for the children.	Smith, Mrs. N. D..... bbl. clothing
Friend.....	2 pkgs. clothing	S. S. Class of Miss Annie W. Warner, Roselle, N. J., lot of motto cards.	
Friend..... pkg. clothing	Underwood, R., Irvington, N. J., bag clothing
Friend..... hats	Van Buskirk, Mrs. J., Jr., Spring Valley, N. J., bbl. clothing
Friend..... one turkey.	White, Miss S. E.....	glass and kinding-wood.
Friend..... pkg. shoes	Whitney, J. W..... lot of sample skirts.
Friends, Sherwood, N. Y.....	bag clothing, shoes.	Woodville Charitable Society, Madison, Conn.,	
G., Miss H. S..... cloth cloak.	bed quilt, 6 shirts, 6 chemises, 8 prs. drawers, 6 waists, 3 skirts, 6 dresses, 2 aprons.	
		Zaccheus..... 500 blank receipts.
			304 1/2 Clermont Av., Brooklyn....bbl. clothing.

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